

30*

NEW, POETICAL

74
TOASTS and SENTIMENTS.

May we never grow sick, till our glafs we forfake;
Then a leaf of good health we for ever may take.

May our Councils be wife, and our Commerce
increase,
And in Britain, may Troubles and Faction long
cease.

Let us toast our own Treasures, Old England's
good cheer,
The profits and pleasures of stout British Beer.

May no true son of Neptune e'er flinch from his
gun,
Or a bold son of Mars be seen ever to run.

Long on this favour'd isle may fair Liberty smile,
And bless us with Brunswick's illustrious line.

May our Dealings be just, and our Consciences
clear,
We'll be richer than those who have thousands a
year.

May Mirth, and good Fellowship always abound,
Boys, fill up a bumper, and let it go round.

May Beauty and Wine e'er prepare us a feast,
And smiling Good Nature bid welcome each guest.

7 JUL 71

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